

UNITY.

FREEDOM, + FELLOWSHIP + AND + CHARACTER + IN + RELIGION.

VOL. XVI.

Chicago, January 2, 1886.

[No. 18.]

ON A PINNACLE.

Released from care, I mount the air,
With wayward will!
A throbbing world beneath my feet,
The pine trees resinously sweet
My senses thrill.

The sparkling sky, the bird's lone cry
My thoughts awake.
The doubts and fears of by-gone years
The bitter tears, the cruel sneers
My soul forsake.

Great tinted clouds my head enshroud
With roseate light.
All earth is drear, a darksome sphere,
Her leafy beauties parched and sere,
Viewed from my lofty height.

The lightning's flash, the storm's wild dash
O'er distant hill,
Speaks through the gloom of this mortal tomb,
To childish dread of future doom,
A murmur'd "Peace, be still."

J. M. F.

SAINT LOUIS, Missouri.

A GOOD thought for the holiday season is this, that we try and be broader in our sympathies than in our beliefs, that is to let the heart have room for men our logic can find no place for.

A. W.

WHILE we remember the rich who do nothing, let us call to mind the noble rich who have done much. Let us write the name of Mr. Walter L. Newberry on our minds, and remember his gift of \$2,500,000 to this city (Chicago) for the founding of a library.

A. W.

"THAT religion is no better than irreligion which refuses to see facts", are noble words from Canon Farrar. And one of the facts in the present time is that all things are being tested by what they are, and not what they claim they are. Character is becoming the supreme question. We are to go for goodness to Godhead. But when we do reach God let us rejoicingly utter the word.

A. W.

THE papers have discussed Vanderbilt, and the opinion seems to be, pretty generally, that he was a negative quantity in the moral world. He did no harm. Did he do any body any good? Very possibly more than we know aught about. But it seems

as if we might rightly say, poor Vanderbilt! The figures which tell of his wealth and the distribution of it look dreary—a desert. Again, poor Vanderbilt!

A. W.

THE following passage from one of George Eliot's letters not only has in it the ring of prophecy but it points the road upon which all must travel who ever expect to reach the delectable lands. "I have faith in the working-out of higher possibilities than the Catholic church or any other church has presented. Those who have strength to wait and endure must accept no formula which their whole soul's intellect as well as emotions do not embrace with entire reverence."

MANY of our readers will mourn with us over the news that has just reached us from Cincinnati,—that our esteemed and efficient fellow-worker, Miss Sarah Ellis, died on Sunday evening, December 27th. Her service in giving the first definite consistency to the work of the post office mission is known in all our churches, and we hope soon to have a fitting tribute to her memory in these columns. Meanwhile we say, "Hail, peace to thee, gentle sister!", and exclaim:

"How far that little candle throws its beams!"

HENRY WARE, JR., with unsophisticated gentleness once recommended that steps be taken to persuade William Lloyd Garrison to submit his articles for the *Liberator* to a committee of "gentlemen of calm and trustworthy judgment". How little he realized that this would be like an attempt to halter the lightning, or to put a chute into Niagara that the water might go down easy. God's greatest workers wear no gloves. Every real advance must hurt somebody's feelings, but the pain of the few will grow to be the joy of the millions.

WE regret not to have caught in the papers any report of Mother Bickerdyke's speech at the recent "Veteran's Reunion" in Topeka, Kans., but we find in an exchange this most characteristic bit. It sounds like war-times. It recalls Corinth and Memphis and will quicken the hearts of thousands of the "old boys" as it discloses the welcome fact that Mother Bickerdyke is still herself, a General Extraordinary. "One of the events of the reunion in connection with 'Mother' Bickerdyke must have seemed much as it did in war times. She came out to camp on the morning of the parade and found that carriages had not been prepared for the crippled soldiers, when she said: 'I am not going to have that! My lame boys that have left a leg or an arm on the

battle-field shall join in this procession, and they shan't walk either. Driver, drive up here!' 'Madam', he replied, 'this is for the Commander-in-Chief.' 'Can't help that; these lame boys outrank him any day. Drive up here!', and drive up they did, until she filled four carriages, six in a carriage, with the 'boys' she had nursed and saved. Then she took her place in her carriage, saying, 'Now they can get more for the big men, my boys are all right, God bless them!'"

THE week of prayer is almost upon us. Our friends of the larger fold have appointed different subjects of prayer for each day of the week. There are some strange subjects given, but we note some very practical ones. Thus, "Want of brotherly kindness and charity". This is for Tuesday. "For the removal of all race and sectional prejudice." This for Friday. "For the success of efforts to prevent or cure intemperance." This for Saturday. There are words in the New Testament which may give us subjects for said week of prayer—one for each day and two for Sunday. See II. Peter I. 6, 7. A. W.

WE are often told that "baby is king" and at this time the child rules—he is the Emanuel. Our Catholic friends link another truth with this; the mother is queen. Very crude indeed is the expression of these thoughts in the church. But let us clothe them with beauty or rather let them shine in their own beauty, free from middle-age and ancient crudities. In connection with this the *Advance* has a good thought when it says: "In the home the wife may say she rules in queenly fashion: 'I am sovereign by the grace of God. My home to me a kingdom is, and to all that enter this realm I will hold out the golden scepter of blessing.'" A. W.

THE reverend Doctor Rexford, writing of the invitation extended by the Y. M. C. A., of Detroit, to Canon Farrar, very pertinently says: "I am glad the Y. M. C. A. invited the great Christian liberator to come into our midst, but my gladness is equalled only by my surprise. On ordinary principles it is difficult to explain how or why an association that excludes Universalists and Unitarians from its active membership should invite to its lecture platform a man who indignantly and absolutely rejects the doctrine of endless punishment." The doctor need not be surprised; for in our day a new beatitude has been added: "Blessed is holy inconsistency." A. W.

A RUSSIAN artist, Vereschagen, has painted a "Holy Family" which the archbishop of Vienna has recently tabooed as blasphemous, because painted from the naturalistic standpoint. The boy Jesus is represented poorly dressed, poring over a leather scroll on which there are sacred writings, while Joseph is at work at the carpenter's bench and Mary is providing for the wants of other children. This artist regards Jesus as a child of poverty whose religious genius was developed amid harsh circumstances.

The picture is soon to be exhibited in London, and we hope it may reach this country, if the theology of the picture is interpreted by adequate artistic genius, for such handling is eventually to accomplish what the artist predicts, viz., vitalize the ethics of "The Sermon on the Mount", deepen sympathy with the suffering, and profoundly heighten our belief and trust in God.

THESE words from the *Christian Leader*, like a winged arrow, go right to the mark. We trust they may be pondered over: "It is time that this vocation of harmonizing religion and science came to an abrupt end. They who engage in it are tinkers even when they are not charlatans. The very enterprise is that of meddling with things in respect of which man has no rightful option other than to accept and obey. Let science have free course, run and be glorified. Let religion, let all thought of religion, have free course, run and be glorified. Parallel lines need no guiding lest they conflict. When matured, science if true will stand; and theology if true will stand. If either is untrue it will fall. If both are untrue both will fall."

CHARLES A. ALLEN of New Orleans has recently been preaching on "The Debt of Christendom to the Catholic Church", a too much neglected topic. He showed how that great mother of all the churches has taught reverence for law and emphasized the unity of Christendom. The Catholic church realizes in her practical economy a democracy not reached by any of the Protestant societies, and if wisdom and liberality continue to affect the administration at Rome as in recent years, Mr. Allen predicts a new career to this greatest organization, in many respects, ever perfected by man. On the following Sunday Mr. Allen preached on "Modern Judaism and its Relation to Christianity", in which he concludes that America turns out to be the "promised land" which the ancient prophecy of Isaiah and his fellows looked for elsewhere.

RABBI SCHINDLER, of Boston, has been giving a series of lectures on "Messianic Expectations", noteworthy for free thought and frank speech. The *Index* has printed and now pamphleted them (44 Boylston St., Boston). He calls the Gospel story that the Jews had much to do with the death of Jesus "a fabrication of the early church",—it was all the Romans. A hard thing to prove surely; but if Jews had all to do with it, what matter now? The Jew-killer of to-day as Jew-killer, is some hundreds of times worse than the Christ-killers of that dim yesterday. The Rabbi says: "The hope in the advent of a Messiah and in the restoration of Israel is surely dead. It has died out in the heart of every intelligent American Israelite. Our hopes have lost their national character and become universal,—have become the hope that humanity will some time reach, by steady evolution, a happiness far beyond description, a state in which the evils still adhering to mankind will be removed and its virtues increased and developed." In which hope we are all Israelites.

"PUNISHMENT costs more to the father inflicting it than to the son receiving it. Longfellow tells us truly that:

'A father's anger
Is like a sword without a handle, piercing
Both ways alike, and wounding him that wields it
No less than him that it is pointed at.'

Sin's deepest furrows are in the heart of God. God is love—unsatisfied love, till His children are filial again: Fatherhood, yearning Fatherhood, till it welcomes back the prodigal." What is this but the "old old story" of Unitarianism—the same "old story" of Channing and Parker and Bellows? But these words are from Heber Newton in a sermon on the "Fatherhood of God" in the *Day Star*. It gives us rejoicing to know that after the hard work of the fathers the people are getting ready for this gracious and most Christian doctrine.

A. W.

THERE is an "art of putting it", which ministers and all men ought to learn. A Muskegon, Mich., friend, trying to impress us with the bigness of his buzzing little burg, said, "We cut 700,000,000 feet of lumber in one year." We simply saw the ciphers and no wood. But when he figured it out thus, then we began to see the wood-pile: "To move that lumber in cars, each thirty-five feet long and carrying 10,000 feet of lumber, would take a continuous train 475 miles long, or almost the distance from Chicago to Buffalo. To ship it on vessels, each 200 feet long and carrying 200,000 feet of lumber, would take a continuous fleet of vessels, stem touching stern, that would bridge Lake Michigan from Muskegon to Chicago, with a spur into Michigan City. Put into a plank road, it would make a road fifty feet wide, with sidewalks on each side, eight feet wide, all two inches thick, from Chicago to Portland, Maine; or it would be all a contractor would need who should contract to circle the earth with a walk four feet wide, and leave him something for repairs. And now it dawns on us how ill the world could spare Muskegon!

A UNITY RETROSPECT.

A Boston correspondent is pained to find that "UNITY does not meet the western want", a fact which doubtless has pained us oftener than it has our Boston correspondent and we have probably more data at hand concerning its defects here in Chicago than can be gathered anywhere else. The wants of the west are very many. UNITY is very small. The taste of the west is varied. UNITY, of necessity, offers but a limited bill of fare, and that served with but few condiments. We have been too small to give variety, too much in earnest to be interesting, we have not even tried to be "many-sided", preferring rather to be true to the one side, to the ministry of which we are called. In these last days of the dying year this letter has led us once more to take a spiritual account of stock, to reconsider carefully our "failure to meet the western wants", and notwithstanding these failures that are apparent from the latitude of Chicago as well as of Boston, a retrospective study bids us *take heart, thank God, and go ahead!*

We shall soon complete our eighth year, during which time UNITY, we must believe, has carried some little warmth and light into a few western homes. It has touched with religiousness some lonely ones and perchance given encouragement to some discouraged spirits, carried a little love into here and there a loveless life. We can but think that our West in this respect finds here and there a point, all the way from the Pacific to the Atlantic. UNITY has been something of a messenger of good will, an errand boy for the religion of character between our seventy odd western churches. It has helped call into being most of our church conferences and headquarter activity. It has been largely instrumental in giving western Unitarianism a home and a tool-chest. It did give unity, coherence and enthusiasm to the Western Conference life. It has given to the Western Sunday-school Society nearly all of its published tools, some fourteen different series of Sunday-school Lessons, half-a-dozen Leaflets to help the thought side and study life of our churches. It, perhaps, has been too stupid to provoke much controversy or comment among its exchanges, but there is not a prominent religious journal in the land but that has now and then given wings to the better word or the higher poem which UNITY has been enabled to find. And some of its more penetrating and spirit-searching notes have crossed the waters and glimmered now and then a moment even in farther India. We can but believe that UNITY has done something to lessen the western want of outward wealth by increasing somewhat the desire to use wisely the riches in hand. UNITY has sometimes passed its hat around for good causes, and the hat has never returned empty. Its plea for missionary and for conference funds we have reason to believe has often helped both mission and conference. When the cyclone left Brother Janson and his family desolate on a Minnesota prairie it was the UNITY hat that brought the promptest and fullest contribution towards the rebuilding of his chapel home. When the Ohio river torrents devastated our Marietta church-friends, UNITY passed its hat around and it reached from Chicago to Boston and westward across the Iowa prairies, and lastly, it is the UNITY hat that has brought most of the funds acknowledged on our Announcement page, and we have great faith to believe that when the UNITY hat has completed its circuit and has come home to stay, there will be enough in it to build the church-home for All Souls church of Chicago. Perhaps not the least among the things accomplished by UNITY, it has done much to teach all those who have labored with it or for it lessons of patience, humility and fortitude. We will not anticipate the prospective word of next week, but we will say in closing that this is said in no spirit of boasting, for there is so little to boast of. Neither is it any "whistling in the dark to keep up our courage". But, to say that spite of whatever failures may confront us, as long as strength is given us to work and our faith holds strong in the righteousness and majesty of the truth we profess, the holy helpfulness of the religion we love, and as long as we have friends enough, as is now the case, to make our material life honest, UNITY will continue, probably finding its greatest encouragement, not in its small triumphs,

but in its holy failures. The western *wants* are many, some of them not worthy to be supplied. We will be more content to work toward the supplying of some few *needs* of west and east than meeting a hundred *wants*. UNITY is not yet frightened by the word "failure" like Felix Holt, it has looked behind that word, and it cheerfully sings the Old Year out in the words of the poet:

"What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me.

* * * * *

All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as my work yet swelled the whole amount/

All I can never be,
All men ignore in me,
This, I am worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shapes."

A UNITY CLUB CHURCH.

The other day in a little Michigan city we saw what might be called a Unity Club church. A circle of friends have met in each other's parlors on Sunday evenings for three or four winters, read together a sermon or essay, usually in print but sometimes written for the meeting, and then had an hour's talk over it. One of their number has an afternoon Sunday-school class for their children; they send a delegation to attend the Michigan Conference, have done better than some regular-built churches in sending their contribution to Conference treasuries, and once or twice on Sunday evenings they have hired the Opera House, engaged a popular preacher of the liberal faith and so done a bit of local mission-work for their ideas. It is a hint of what might be done in many places, where there is neither money nor disposition to face the problem of building and supporting a regular church. One more step in development, and that public meeting once a winter would become a public meeting once a month, the other three Sundays of the month bringing the parlor-gathering. Men and women in earnest will want to share a quarter of their Gospel-loaf, will feel they owe *that* much to their town, if they can possibly provide it: and, besides, by such giving, and only so, will the loaf maintain its size or grow bigger for themselves.

This sort of "people's church", self-supporting, mainly self-ministered, with discussion as well as listening at its meetings,—with singing and a simple worship-service, too, if wished for,—and once a month sharing its Gospel with the public, would be almost the ideal church of the liberal faith for many a western town. Of course it pre-supposes a real moral earnestness for oneself, one's children and one's town; and it would need two or three persons, men or women, willing and able to give a little time; but not many people, not much time, not much work, and not much money,—say \$300 to \$600, against the \$1000 to \$1500 which the usual church with a minister requires. How much better such a self-helping, democratic, all-hands-round church, than the supported, hat-in-the-hand church, which does not know itself as a church until it sees a minister, keeps that

minister thin, and begs part of the money with which to keep him thin from some Association, promising, "We can half-starve him, if you will do the rest!"

One step still farther in development, and three or four such churches within range of each other, might join in engaging together the services of a minister to visit them regularly in turn for that "fourth Sunday;" all thus securing, and still at slight cost, the impulse and help which the trained man brings with him.

It is a question well worth asking,—Does not the liberal faith in this day, and especially in our west, require a *new type of church*, something quite different from the usual organization centering in one man and a building of its own; something more cheap, more co-operative, more informal, something in which self-support and hands-all-round shall be cardinal principles?

W. C. G.

Contributed Articles.

LEAVES.

From the pipes of Old Winter has come a shrill blast,
And upon the gray earth a pure mantle is cast.
'Tis a garment of snow-flakes come down from above,
And the scene is transformed, thus the mantle of love
Covers all imperfections of those we hold dear
Till as radiant and pure as the snow they appear.
The moaning and rustling of dead leaves is past—
The comforter came, they are sheltered at last.
O, brown leaves of autumn! 'Tis a wise hand that
leads,

And he sends what is best, who best knoweth our
needs.

He gives and he takes, and in taking he gives:

From life cometh death, and in dying we live.

From mists of the river, the brooklet and sea

This beautiful shroud has been woven, and ye

Of its coming wist not, for from out the still air

It as silently fell as an answer to prayer.

O, could ye but creep from your coverlet white

And visit your home, a most wonderful sight

Would gladden your hearts, for the sun met the
snow,

And the frost followed on with his cold breath, and
lo!

Your home is a palace of crystal more bright
Than Aladdin e'er saw with his magical light.

Ye glow and ye fade, but as wondrous to me

Is the leaf on the ground as the leaf on the tree,

For links in time's chain clasp eternity fast

And the chain becomes endless. Ever the past

Pays its debts to the future, leaf-life or man's,

So perfect the system that surely no hands

But of Infinite wisdom and love could be

The authors of such an unerring decree.

Who knoweth the end? Little leaflets, not we.

Enough for ourselves as we hang on life's tree

To gather the sunshine and freely bestow

Our shade to the weary and faint ones below.

And when we grow brown, as surely we must,
The end will be glorious can we but trust
That the Infinite love, which careth for all,
Forgets not the little brown leaves when they fall.

ELLA F. STEVENS.

CLEVELAND, Ohio.

UNITARIAN LITERATURE.

I was about to say liberal literature; but it seemed too indefinite a term; and then it is particularly of the literature of our own church that I wish to speak a word. I owe to it a debt I can never pay. When, fifteen years ago, I began in dead earnest to find out the truth of religion and the truth or falsity of my own then orthodox faith, I happily turned to Channing and Peabody and Bellows and Clarke—I hardly dared to read Parker till later; and in those writers I found a delightful religious temper, and realm of spiritual thought, and high, calm, yet jubilant faith, which set me thinking, and forced me to reconsider my beliefs, and rewrite my sermons. This latter was a hazardous task; but I did it, and preached them with their theology thoroughly recast; and it is impossible for me to describe the help it was to my people and the increased congregation was visibly delighted with the change gradually brought about in my mind. The Universalists took seats in church, and finally came in such numbers that they voted to close their own church for a year and take seats elsewhere, which meant with us. That was, of course, perilous to me, for it set heresy hunters at once to work. But after three years of careful study and growth in liberal thought, I wrote my resignation, no one having suggested to me that it was the wish of the church that I should do so.

I might have swept it over to liberalism, of the Universalist type, but that was not far enough for me. It was at the half-way-house, and then I didn't want to split the church I had for several years labored for and loved. Unitarian literature had fascinated me. It meant so much. It was so reasonable, so reverent, and made man and God, and the universe and destiny, and life and death so full of meaning and hope that I had found a new and a blessed gospel, and had been converted. Then I began to sly into my library one and another liberal book, and to take the *Register* and to go to Unitarian conferences, and to write out impressions of Unitarianism for the *Christian Union*, receiving in reply open letters or editorials from Mr. Beecher—all the time writing from the orthodox standpoint, and known as an orthodox clergyman. No more orthodox literature for me. It pained me to read it; it gave me the blues to peruse orthodox sermons, or to read their papers, or to hear their doctrines from the pulpit, or to look into the faces of their congregations. Oh, such a different atmosphere there was about everything in the new faith I had found! I thanked those writers, I blessed the man who wrote "Truths and Errors of Orthodoxy", and authors of other liberal books.

Not a Unitarian man or woman did I then know personally; and it took me a long time to get at them, or for them to get near me. I was chilled to

death by my reception into that body, when at last I gave up my old church and faith. The door was open, I might walk in if I pleased; but I said I had made the acquaintance of several of the best of them through their books, and there was no discount there, and warmth enough in their truth and light, too, and help; and they made me feel larger and nobler than I had ever supposed it possible or right to do. I sent for the tracts, and gorged my mind with the new religious literature wherever I could find a scrap of it. It was all Bible to me. It was so human-like and so heavenly-like all at once. By and by I advertised "an orthodox library for sale", and I cleaned out several hundred books and replaced them by another sort, and my study seemed to be another room. I wanted every orthodox minister to do as I had done; I wondered why rich Unitarians didn't buy up and multiply and send about the world a million or two liberal books. The fever has not passed away yet. The new gospel is to me still blessed; the light has been growing brighter all the time; and now in magazines and the best literature of the day I find more and more of the spirit of the new faith; and here Unitarianism is to win its way—in our current literature.

If we only had the machinery and the money used in sending orthodox tracts throughout the land, to scatter our literature far and near, and colporters and agents to knock at every door, what a work for liberal truth might be done. Some time we shall do these things, I think. But we must change our tactics a little before we may expect much growth. We must not wait till there is money in the treasury to warrant sending out missionaries; but send missionaries to start churches and sub-treasuries. We must not all the time trouble ourselves as to how we shall keep alive a few old churches, but plant new ones, and go and work up an interest in all quarters by slow degrees, a handful first, then Sunday-school, and finally a church, and all the time scatter our books and tracts. We must not "intrude" our tracts and our ideas? Nonsense! To win we must be in dead earnest, and have machinery and keep it in quick motion. A dainty faith may be a good parlor religion, but it is no gospel for the world.

In closing, let me mention one book,—"*Service of Sorrow*", which I wish could be put in some popular form and sent everywhere. I have found it an excellent book to loan to the bereaved, even outside of our church people. Hearing that a Baptist lady, who had lost a son, wanted to see me, having heard me at a funeral, I made it in my way to call; and she was very glad to see me. We talked nearly two hours, and I left a "*Service of Sorrow*" with her. It seems that her own minister had been very attentive, but had never mentioned a word about the probable future of her son, a young man not a member of the church, who had died suddenly. And, personally, she said, she did not need his consolations, but *did* wish he would give her a single word of hope for her son. I left, invited to call again, and often. In about a month I called again, and had a like pleasant reception. She told me how much good our talk had done her. Her husband was present. She said she had read every word of the book, and thought it was so beautiful;

the husband said he had read every word, and that his daughter present had done the same. The next day, seeing a friend who was a member of the family, she said to me, seeing me in the street, and making bold to introduce herself to me, "I have wanted to thank you so much for what you have done for our house. My friend is *a new person* since you called; the house is filled with sunlight, where before it was full of gloom and tears,—I want to thank you so much." And I said to myself it was that book which did the work for her and for all the household. I felt as though I'd like to attend all the funerals in the city and visit all the bereaved, and leave at every house a "Service of Sorrow", and some of our best books and tracts. Oh, it was terrible to see the agony on that mother's face when I first met her; now her face is full of sunlight and of hope. But it has all been kept from her pastor, who I fear will yet have to "deal" with her for her avowed (to me) new faith in God, and new conception of religion, and the life to come.

A. JUDSON RICH.

FALL RIVER, Mass.

From the *Christian Register*.

TO FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE.

EIGHTY YEARS OLD, DEC. 12, 1885.

Not because thou hast sat beside the King
At the high feast; nor yet because the queen,
Our "rare pale Margaret", thou hast often seen:
For naught of this, O friend, to thee we bring,
This day, our simple, heartfelt offering
Of thanks and praise; but for that thou hast been
Thyself one of the royal-hearted men,
Wearing the crown, the sceptre, and the ring,
As only they unto the purple born.
Can wear the symbols of their majesty;
And most because, with a right royal scorn
Of all things base, thy spirit has been free
From any fear that Truth will leave forlorn
The man who loves and trusts her utterly.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

SUPERSTITION.*

"Superstition seems to me altogether a physical affection."
—*Charles Kingsley*.
"It is the melancholy form of Irreligion; as skepticism is the gay form of Irreligion."—*Fichte*.

I shall not attempt to define this word with synonyms or chase its roots through the jungle of ancient languages. It is sufficient if we regard it as, figuratively, that mental mist or fog naturally arising in the dawn of the race; like the illusive Spectre of the Brocken, seen only at sunrise. From the grossest to the most refined superstitions (and these last are often the most firmly fixed in the popular mind) all may be said to arise either from deficient observation of the facts of nature or wrong deductions from correct observation.

*The above thoughts were read at a Teachers' Meeting to elucidate Lesson XXIII of Winkley's "Higher Life," the subject being "Superstition."

We meet a friend at table—some salt is spilled on the cloth—anxiety clouds his brow and he looks as if he would, were there no spectators, throw some of the condiment over his shoulder. We rally him on his low spirits and are told that "he knows something is going to happen for he broke a mirror yesterday". He sets out on a journey, and refuses to return for some important paper because "it's bad luck to turn back, you know". A black cat crosses his path, and he is in low spirits for a week. "Trifles light as air", to vary the quotation, "are, to the *superstitious*, confirmation strong as Holy Writ." Our friend may be a man of sound judgment in the affairs of life, but at certain points he seems to lose his way in a fog of superstition.

Let us now take our friend's mental organization to our cerebral dissecting room; bind him firmly to our attention, and lay open his faculties with the scalpel of unprejudiced inquiry. Intrusion here we fear not; no apostle of Bergh or act of Parliament forbids the vivisection. Let us discover, if we can, the hitch or twist of nature which warps him at times from the rational views and practices of other men. What is the result of our *ante-mortem*?

First.—Strong respect for tradition. His father and grandfather held to such and such beliefs. He will do the same, "no matter what the wise people of these times say". It seems strange that he has, so far, neglected to do his traveling by stage coach or flat-boat.

Second.—The early impressions of infancy, controlling the mature man. "As the twig was bent, the tree's inclined." The "scions" and "budded" shoots of erroneous teaching are bearing their proper fruit on then grafted "stock" of childhood.

Third.—Inattentive observation and hasty deduction.

These are at the same time the origin of superstition and its main support. Did our friend apply the same calm judgment to these whims and fancies that he displays in business or elsewhere, he would soon discover, as we do, the lack of relation or connection between his so-called "signs" and the occurrences good or bad following them. He would distinguish between *co-incidence* and *cause*. The numberless instances in which his "signs" had broken faith with him, would rise to his vision as prominently as the one instance (which perhaps somebody told him) in which it had seemed to fulfill its promise.

The notions to which he is subject, the belief in charms, in lucky and unlucky days, numbers, etc., form a class we may term *personal superstitions*. There is another, which may be termed *superstitions of nature*.

Do we all not know of some good old soul whose confidence in the moon as a weather prophet remains forever unshaken, though forever abused. There is no need for her to consult any so called "indications" gathered with so much expense and labor from all parts of the country. Her method is much simpler. Does the gloom and dampness depress us, start a fungoid growth of mouldy thoughts within, she meets us with the consoling reflection, "the moon changes to-night and we shall then have fair

weather." Should bright skies and bracing breezes tempt her to plan some out-door excursion, her spirits sink at the almanac's threat of approaching lunar change.

Are we not familiar with the perennial resurrection of the goose-breast-bone and the chipmunks as weather prophets? These meet the eye in the country newspaper, with the never failing freshness of the spring "snake story", or extracts from the "oldest inhabitant's diary".

The two classes of superstitions we have noticed, sometimes amusing and sometimes annoying in those still clinging to them, are gradually passing away. They are the stumps in the plowed field of progress, a memorial of the virgin forest whence it came, whose removal or decay is only a question of time. They thrive in the darkness of ignorance and roll away like morning mists at the rising of the sun of knowledge. Their origin defies investigation, as the belief in them defies argument. They are the most irrational of superstitions, and therefore probably the oldest. There are younger, more subtle superstitions, which may now claim a share of our attention.

There exists a theory of luck, of the world ruled we may say by the cast of a die; happiness or misery a fatalistic game of battledore and shuttlecock. This man's position, power or wealth is not the certain and inevitable result of prudence or foresight. "He has had *good luck*", our theorists cry. That man's misfortunes are not the equally certain result of extravagance or shiftlessness; "he has had *bad luck*", they say.

This theory erects the tramp as the ideal man and finds its most devoted adherents in the vagabond class. If one of the first steps in the regeneration of the tramp be to *wash* him, the next should be to free his mind from this superstition. No theory can have so mischievous effect on the mind of the young as this one; no opinion so dull the edge of their ambition, sap their self-confidence, or cloud their lives with envy and heart-burning, as a conviction of uncertainty in the results of conduct, of weakness in the law of moral causation.

In business there confronts us a notion that a mixture of low cunning, equivocal dealing and petrified selfishness is a proper and certain foundation of success. We have heard much of the "worship of the strong man" as a national characteristic of older civilizations,—the "strong man" filled with the lust for power, of firm will and unconquerable energy. Is not our newer civilization in danger of falling into a more baneful worship of the "smart man", the man of low aims and tricky practices; whose methods are so crooked that he winds around the penitentiary without ever landing in it. This superstition—it deserves the name—overlooks the fact that the transaction of business is founded on mutual trust and that its vast extension in modern days has been in exact proportion to the spread of this mutual confidence.

The last superstition I shall notice, and one much affected by the religious newspaper, is that of pessimism. "The times are very sad and the world is very bad." There is no honesty in man or virtue in woman. Society, as their pet phrases run, "is rotten

to the core", or "tottering to a fall". We have heard of the sect of philosophers who denied the existence of being outside of their own consciousness and received the appropriate name of egotists. It strikes me they could share the name with our pessimist friends, who seem to disbelieve in the existence of any virtue or goodness but that which is locked up in their own breasts.

W. C. LEWIS.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.

Conferences.

WOMEN'S WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

The third regular meeting of the Directors of the W. W. U. C. was held at 135 Wabash avenue, on December 3rd, 1885.

Present, Mesdames West (presiding), Hilton, Le Baron, Sunderland, Dow, Roberts and Gordon. Letters were received from absent directors, Mesdames Cole, Gould, Learned, McCaine, Udell, Jennings, Moulton, Richardson and Brown, giving statements of work accomplished in the several states. The treasurer's report was read and accepted. Miss Le Baron, corresponding secretary, reported as follows: "I have attended three conferences, viz., Wisconsin, Indiana and Illinois. Have collected \$63.50—new memberships being \$36.50. In several towns in Wisconsin, study classes were organized last year, which are in full force this winter. Post-office Mission work is in admirable hands, the committee having been at work all summer. The outlook is most encouraging. In Indiana a strong Post-office Mission committee was organized. In Illinois there were but few societies represented, and there was no opportunity to work up much interest in religious study. The Post-office Mission committee organized in Geneva is already actively at work, and is arousing considerable interest. In Michigan a committee has been appointed by correspondence, that writes me it will soon get to work. I have received 128 letters and postals, have written 285 letters and postals, have sent 130 tracts to individuals, 866 tracts to secretaries, have loaned 12 books and sold 28 books for \$28.75."—On motion, 25 copies each of UNITY and the *Christian Register* were ordered for one year. — The bill for "Unity" Mission tracts for circulation, due to the Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society, was ordered paid. It was resolved: That a sum not exceeding two hundred dollars be appropriated for the purchase of liberal literature, to be sent out by the central office, and furnished free to other secretaries and Post-office Mission workers,—the literature to be selected by a special committee, consisting of Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Roberts and Miss Le Baron. It was resolved: That a committee of five, selected by the President, be appointed to nominate officers for the ensuing year. Mrs. C. J. Richardson, Princeton, Illinois; Mrs. Jessie Farwell, Detroit, Michigan; Mrs. George Thayer, Cincinnati, Ohio. Mrs. J. Ll. Jones, Chicago, Illinois and Mrs.

H. McKittrick, St. Louis, Missouri were selected as such committee. Meeting adjourned

MRS. G. E. GORDON, *Recording Secretary.*

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Receipts.

Cash on hand, October 12, 1885		\$2.750
From Annual Membership	65.00	
" Life Membership	10.00	
" Mr. J. M. Roche, P. O. Mission	1.00	
" Mr. Geo. Turner, P. O. Mission	1.00	
" Church of the Messiah, Chicago	15.00	
" Mrs. E. A. West, Chicago	1.75	
" Mrs. M. A. Bradley, Milwaukee, Wis.	2.50	96.25

Total Receipts.....123.75

Disbursements.

To Expressage, Corresponding Secretary	2.00
" Postage for Treasurer	1.00
" Eastern Postage and Expressage	2.78
" Programmes, Religious Study Classes	32.00
" 500 <i>Unity</i> slips, Mrs. E. A. West	1.75
" Record Book, Post-office Mission	3.00
" Quarterly Payment of Rental expenses	17.00
" Corresponding Secretary's salary for October	25.00
" Travelling expenses, Corresponding Secretary	6.40

Total Expenditures.....90.93

Balance in Treasury December 3, 1885.....32.82

[SIGNED] MRS. J. C. HILTON,
Treasurer.

Correspondence.

SUPERSTITIONS.

To the Editors of UNITY:

How inconsistent we all are! A short time since the *Catholic Review* printed an excellent short sermon on superstitions, saying: "Now, one word about omens,—about things being lucky and unlucky, and all that sort of trash. One word of practical advice: If you ever hear any one say that something is unlucky, make a point to do it if it comes in your way; and if they say it is lucky, do rather something else. Not that this business of signs and omens, of good and bad luck, is one that the devil has much to do with, except by way of encouraging people to believe in it; but it is a most stupid superstition, with which reasonable people should have no patience."

A prominent Unitarian weekly, commenting on this paragraph, retorted: "Good advice from a Roman Catholic quarter, yet this same *Catholic Review* encourages its readers to wear the scapular and to carry 'miraculous medals'. Is the superstition in regard to omens any worse than in regard to these Catholic amulets?"

So inquired this Unitarian periodical; and I did not meet any reply from the *Catholic Review*. But some *Radical* review—and this is my point in this letter, Messrs. Editors; some *Radical* review might well have extended the retort, by saying: "And you, too, O Unitarian religious paper! you yourself!

Are *you* never altogether as superstitious as those who believe so implicitly in *both* omens and amulets? If not, why still *your* occasional hundred foolish *Unitarian* faiths,—in resurrections, for instance, and in sacraments, in baptisms, and in holy books; in hymns to Jesus and a human-like God; and in prayers directly addressed to a deity, talked to and praised and besought, as if the Eternal Power of the worlds was not enthroned,—directly enthroned,—if anywhere,—in our own human souls?" So, I think, might this *Radical* review have retorted.

Truly, we *all* are weak, and finite, and ignorant, the best of us, and where our *own* superstitions begin and end we do not know. We should be very humble, very humble indeed, all of us,—and charitable.

JAMES H. WEST.

GENEVA, Illinois.

CHANNING.

A propos of the position taken by Mr. Gannett in his searching article on the ethical societies that Channing found the chief source of religion in the moral sentiments, the following passages from his writings are significant:

"How shall the minister quicken and preserve a heavenly tone of spirit? Let him accustom himself to regard each individual with whom he holds intercourse as made and designed for wisdom, love, power, happiness, without limits. Let him learn to regard all men as now related to God and good spirits, and as welcomed to an endless participation in the ever-unfolding, infinitely benevolent designs of God. Let him joyfully and unreservedly consecrate himself to the work of elevating souls, concentrate his whole being upon it, forget comparatively everything but this divine end of human development, esteem all power and opportunity as of worth in proportion as they are applicable to this great purpose, and resolve to live and die in advancing *God's plan of spiritual perfection.*" Substitute "Highest" for God and does not the essential agreement between the religion of Channing and Salter appear?

A. M. J.

THE temperance question bears in upon us all around with the force of a vital moral obligation. It will be a glad day when the nature and effect of alcohol are thoroughly taught in our schools. The conception of this movement was a grand inspiration, and along with it, would that there might grow up a sense of honor among our youth which would make it *impossible* for them to surrender themselves to appetite; which would make it *impossible* for them to profit by anything that undermines the life of another; and which would even make it *impossible* for them to maintain a *right* infinitely less important to themselves than dangerous to others. All this is to come after prohibition is attained. Prohibition is amply worth toiling for; but temperance reform means long and patient education, the lifting of the race to a higher standard. God has made both evil and good much mightier than we dream; it is only by noting how slowly one supplants the other that we realize the magnitude of each.

M. S. S.

The Home.

MORNING.

Who has not read, wondering, Poe's extraordinary recovery of the lost thousand-and-second night of the Arabian Nights,—a tale surpassing all those of the previous thousand and one nights in wonders, which, Poe tells us, he discovered in the *Isitsoornot* while making some oriental researches? My curiosity about the tale led me to consult the ancient codex mentioned by Poe, and well rewarded was I; for I found it to be a curious collection of forgotten lore, the learned author, Scientius Curiosus, having, as indeed he tells us in the preface, made it the work of his life to rescue scraps of history just lapsing into oblivion. In the strange *melange*, I came upon the authentic and real history of the ever memorable incident of Diogenes and his tub. It will be remembered that the story runs that that gypsyish philosopher was once approached by a great man who, pitying the sage for the meagre shelter which the tub gave, asked, with a contemptuous sneer, what he could do for him, and that Diogenes answered, "Nothing, but get out of my sunlight." One tradition further adds that the philosopher happened to be mending his tub when he was thus accosted and when thus he answered. Further than this the common accounts do not go. But in the *Isitsoornot* discovered (and Scientius remarks, and very wisely to my mind, that herein lies the gist of the story) that the event took place early in the morning, after the philosopher had passed a contented night in his tub, and had just awakened with his eyes bared to the sky. It was at that moment that the shadow of the sneering visitor cut off his sunlight, and Diogenes reprimanded him. As I have said, Scientius considers the answer of the philosopher unintelligible, or else a mere churlishness, unless taken with the fact that he was just awaking, but that so taken it blooms with a beautiful and delicate sense of the value of the waking moment and of the heedlessness or unkindness of the person who will put himself between the sunlight and an awaking eye. Scientius, indeed, is stirred to several eloquent pages by this text, on the morning and the right way of waking up. With much that is fanciful and much that is purely pedantic (for after the fashion of his day, Scientius seems to have raked and scraped every nook and alley of learning for whatever came within telescopic range of his subject) the author has many wise moral remarks, some of which I will borrow. Going to sleep, he avers, is wholly each one's own affair. One may drop away prayerfully, holily, humbly, ambitiously, guiltily, ill-humoredly or howsoever, and, but for what may follow in his dreams, it is no matter; though even in this, observes Scientius humorously, so closely are we all bound together, others may be interested. For if a man fall asleep so unwholesomely as to grunt, cry out, and struggle in ill dreams, he will disturb the neighbors. But waking up is very different. While we close our eyes for ourselves alone, we open them in very great measure for all other persons. Therefore

the waking moment has a double importance. First for ourselves,—what a mighty difference is it whether we start rightly or wrongly on the day! For a day is, after all, a huge time, and one may go a vast distance in it; and but a little angle at the beginning of it may sweep an almost infinite space at so many hours away from the vertex. Therefore to set out in the morning with a good motive, with kind feelings, with a wise survey how to turn the day to beautiful account, is the wisdom that belongs to the hour, and will determine where we find ourselves after an hour or two, and still more at the end of a long day, as Scientius observes,—whether in a light that makes a long and lovely twilight to bed-time, or in a blackness which we have been smearing all over the hours, as if we dragged the night with us all day. Besides, in the morning all blessings come like a throng of company, at once. There is the light, refreshed strength, new plans, new thoughts, familiar faces, meetings, language, good appetite, food and drink. How churlish the mind that receives all these visitors with scant welcome, rude grumblings and ungrateful manners. But secondly, our way of waking has much import for others. Here recurs the wisdom of Diogenes. It is surly and unhandsome ever to turn our waking eyes back toward murky night in a dark corner, not welcoming the light which stands cap in hand, the white feather thereof brushing the sky, making his morning bow to us; but it is a crime indeed to drive that good Sir Knight out of doors for all other persons who live with us. "No man liveth to himself", says Paul, and no man waketh to himself, which is a new-beginning of life with each day. It is a wretched hardihood and a selfish impiety to wake with a grumbling spirit, or with the fever of yesterday's fatigue making us fretful, or with forebodings for the day raising a foggy ingratitude, whereby we disturb the setting-forth of all persons about us and send them their several ways with hurt feelings, with ill-humor, with perturbed souls, with dashed courage and hope. Surely these are wise remarks, which for oneself have good cautions in them, and for others great kindness. Scientius has much to say of the importance of parental waking up. He draws a fine picture of the responsibility that rests on whoever wakes first, the father or mother; since that one has waked both for himself and for the other one who is yet sleeping. Then turning, Scientius observes again that the spouse who wakes last has also much to answer for; for if the first one have waked happy and started well, he is at best but a little way along one leg of the angle and may be dragged back by the bad waking humors of the other and set going on the other leg into a day of darkness. Therefore, concludes Scientius, it is difficult to tell of bed-fellows whether the first-waking or the second-waking be the more responsible; from which it appears that the importance of each is great. If this be true, then how great the joint effect of two wakings on the children and on the whole household. This latter thought the author follows into many curious observations; but I must refer the reader to the *Isitsoornot* itself, where he will find them expanded with great ingenuity and no little instruction.

J. V. B.

UNITY.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE COLEGROVE BOOK CO., 135 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO.

\$1.50 PER YEAR.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES
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CHARLES H. KERR, Office Editor.

Entered at the Post-Office, Chicago, as second-class matter.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1886.

CHICAGO.—*Manford's Magazine* for January gives evidence of increasing vitality. The contents are varied and interesting. The name of Mary H. Graves appears for the first time as literary editor, and we predict that the readers of this venerable Universalist campaigner will greatly profit by her fine culture and discriminating judgment.—Rev. A. T. Bowser, of Hingham, Mass., preached in Unity church last Sunday. T. J. Milsted's month's sojourn with this congregation made for him a host of friends.—E. P. Powell, of Clinton, N. Y., has been shaking hands with his many friends in Chicago and was welcomed to his old pulpit of the Third church last Sunday. His recent utterances in Chicago go to show that as a thinker he is to be classed with Francis Abbott, John Fiske and other prophets of the new faith, the higher interpreters of evolution. His forthcoming book, which is to appear next summer, promises to be one of the needed hand-books in this direction.—That near approach to a terrible calamity, occasioned by the burning of an immense Christmas tree magnificently loaded, at the Cook county hospital on Christmas night, teaches a lesson which we hope will not be forgotten a year hence. About three hundred panic-stricken men and women narrowly escaped a horrible death. As it was, many received painful though not dangerous injuries from the great heat. Among these were the representatives of several families of the Third church. But we are glad to say that all are doing well. Merry-making should never become reckless. Christmas joys must be possible, without such free use of such a dangerous element as fire.

THE Monday noon teacher's meeting at the Channing club room was led by Mr. Jones this week, the lesson being upon the seventh chapter of Micah. Micah, living in the reign of Hezekiah, represents the high water mark of Hebrew literature for his age. He must be one of a class, as one prophet would not stand alone in this turbulent time. Jeremiah represents him a hundred years afterward, B. C. 600, as a man of power to whose influence Hezekiah's reformation was due. Mr. Jones advised us to read this old book again — read it at a sitting — to see how grandly ethical the writer is. Excepting his intense Hebraism and his anthropomorphism there is nothing in Micah that is not worthy of being used in our preaching and teaching to-day. The lesson was then read — the first six verses of the chapter. The longing for the first ripe fig was meant to represent the longing for a good, just, righteous man. Those who do not find anything else, or enough beside, must preach the very best they can upon faithfulness. It is a grand text. Faithfulness, though counted by some as something less than faith, as mere morality, yet has in it the best of faith, necessarily. Mrs. Frost mentioned the faithfulness of Jim Bludsoe. Mr. Jones thought there could not be such devotion without a very good sort of faith. Mrs. Wilkinson would use Hezekiah as an example in teaching the lesson of faithfulness. Mrs. Mixer had thought of making a practical application of the matter of faithfulness to behaviour in Sunday-school, etc. Mr. Bowser would try to impress the child with the need of being faithful in all things. There is need of faithfulness in all departments of life. You buy a piece of furniture and put it in your parlor and in a few days some piece comes off of it. You take a piece of pie — the under crust is underdone. Somebody has been unfaithful. Mr. Furness was impressed with the wide difference in meaning between faith and faithfulness. He thought he did not like faith but did like faithfulness — would try to see the connection between now and Sunday. Mr. Jones believed that faithfulness comes first, usually, and afterward the faith. Faithfulness was attending to the small and great things with equal care.

WOMEN IN THE MINISTRY.—*Manford's Magazine* tells us that there are thirty-one women now in the Universalist ministry, seventeen of them in charge of parishes, six of these settled in Illinois, the latest settlement being that of Rev. Augusta J. Chapin, at Oak Park. We welcome Miss Chapin to the Illinois fraternity of liberal ministers, and trust she may find cordial fellowship and abundant success among us.

MICHIGAN.—The Unitarians of Grand Rapids have rented the Temple Emanuel for one year, in which services are now regularly held. Our Hebrew brethren have shown their sympathy for our work by this kind use of their synagogue. Rev. Mr. Roberts is attracting good audiences and the movement is now sure to fulfil the expectations of its friends.—The society at Midland is getting ready to build a church. It is trying to settle on a plan. Rev. Mr. Daniel's work is of a solid religious character.—Missionary

Walkley has been at work in Manistee and now a new society has been organized. Steps are being taken towards erecting a church. The prospect at Manistee is excellent. We wish the new society all temporal and spiritual prosperity.

PHILADELPHIA ITEMS.—The new Ethical Society seems to be growing slowly but surely. Mr. Weston is showing himself good stuff, earnest, steady, persevering. The Board of Trustees has decided to establish a school to be called "The Ethical School", applying the Fröbel method to all branches of education for children up to fourteen years of age. Moral and religious instruction, in harmony with the ideas of the society, will be a part of the regular school system. A tuition fee will be charged, and it is hoped the school will prove self-supporting.

—The New Century (Woman's) Club sees its good work catching. For several years it has had a "Working Woman's Guild" with evening classes to teach book-keeping, dress-making, short-hand and type-writing, cooking, English literature, etc. Now the Guild has secured a house for its special work; and similar classes are starting in different quarters of the city, many of the churches adding this feature to their other good works; and persons in other places are sending to borrow the Philadelphia experience. And what work next? Something;—for with praiseworthy courage the Secretary warns her sisters of the *New Century*: "We have fallen into a rut, and are running this pet Club of ours in a groove."

—The Public Schools of Philadelphia, under the impulse of our western friend, Superintendent McAlister, are fairly starting out for industrial education. Every girl in the secondary and grammar schools will have a chance henceforth to learn the use of her needle; a manual training school for boys has been fully equipped with teachers, tools and boys; and an "Industrial Art" department, following, probably, the lines of Charles G. Leland's work, has been opened by the Superintendent. By a recent law physiology, with special reference to the influence of alcohol on the human system, is to be taught in the public schools of the state.

BOSTON.—A recent number of the *London Inquirer* contains an article on "A Model Church", the same being the Church of the Disciples, of which James Freeman Clarke has been pastor for forty years. It characterizes the church as consisting "not of those who have formed unchangeable opinions and who accept a creed, nor of those who consider themselves as already converted and safe, but of those wishing to become better, not of professors of religion, but of seekers after religion". "This church", the *Inquirer* continues, "has also always maintained itself on the free seats and voluntary contributions and now yields in this way £2,200 a year for various purposes. For the last year Dr. Clarke's sermons have been published weekly in the *Saturday Evening Gazette*."

A VOICE FROM DAKOTA.—"Peace on earth, good will to men" are the words fitting the holiday season. Its lessons should be harmony and unity, but I have strong inclination to censure the good, earnest, zeal-

ous people, who in the name of Jesus, the Prince of Peace, are continually finding fault with their fellow-laborers. Out here we would fain say to you, "Help us to away with all shibboleths, ecclesiastical lines, rituals and labels, as worthy but the last place in our councils and publications. Help us to unite the energies out here for "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion". Does not this one word "Character" include all that is valuable in Christianity, or rather the teachings of Jesus, of which Christianity is but a pitiable corruption with many additions.

A. A. R.

THE *Church Press* would seem to teach Universalism in the following verses from its poem on "Christmas Morn":

The curse which Adam's sin entailed,
IMMANUEL'S birth has countervailed.
The joy of paradise deplored,
Through Bethlehem have been restored.

Creation's life anew began,
When God appeared in form of man;
Heaven its throne regained on earth,
In virtue of Messiah's birth.

THE Christmas greeting of the *Advance* was the old hymn "From Greenland's icy mountains". A good one if only modified a bit so as to take in the larger thought which seems to be struggling through the lines. There is a great story in Jesus to tell the nations and that so different from the one so often made to do duty in his name. Jesus is the revelation from the good and God in the human heart. If the heart of man has its bad side it has also its Christ side—and that shall reign until the last enemy in us is put under foot. Hail, holy victory! A. W.

A GOOD work is being done in New York by the Episcopal churches of that city. They are having what our Methodist brethren would call a revival and our Catholic friends a mission. This latter is the name given also by the Episcopalians to the work. They call the evangelist a "missioner". This "mission" is attracting attention, and, we are told, "particularly among the men". It may not be your way; it may not be my way, but it evidently is one of God's ways. So let it prosper. A. W.

WE learn that the little poem, "A Christian's Confession", published as "anonymous" in our issue of December 19, is from the pen of Mr. Edwin R. Champlin, of Westerly, Rhode Island, who is well known to many of our readers as a frequent contributor to the *Literary World* of Boston and *The University* of this city.

THAT most excellent Methodist paper, *Zion's Herald*, advertises a patent medicine under the caption "An Imaginary Hell". Now if, as the *Herald* teaches, there is an Eternal Hell for unbelievers, it is too grave a subject for such treatment. A. W.

EVERY OTHER SATURDAY for December 19th contains a sketch and portrait of Mrs. Grace A. Oliver whose recent "Life of Dean Stanley" is the last of a series of successful biographical sketches.

Announcements.

The Subscription price of UNITY is \$1.50 per annum, payable in advance. Single copies 5 cents.

The date on the address label indicates the time to which the subscription is paid.

Remittances are acknowledged by changing this date. No written receipts are sent unless requested.

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ALL SOULS CHURCH BUILDING FUND.

We know of no better way to express our gratitude to the many friends who helped us on our Building Fund, than to publish this epitome of the contributions up to Dec. 27, 1885, showing how wide and generous is the sympathy and how large and tender is the claim they have laid upon us for future usefulness.

No. Subscriptions.	TOWNS.	Amts.
1	Algona, Iowa.....	5 00
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1	Leicester, Mass.....	25 00
1	Lincoln, Ill.....	5 00
1	Littleton, Ill.....	1 00
1	Madison, Wis.....	10 00
1	Malden, Mass.....	1 00
8	Marietta, O.....	21 50
1	Mattapan, Mass.....	1 00
1	Medford, ".....	5 00
1	Metamora, Ill.....	1 00
1	Milton, Mass.....	2 50
2	Minneapolis, Minn.....	25 00
4	Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.....	10 00
1	Milwaukee, Wis.....	20 00
1	Mukwanago, Wis.....	1 00
1	Muskegon, Mich.....	25 00
4	Neponset, Mass.....	13 00
1	New Bedford, Mass.....	10 00
1	New Lisbon, Wis.....	1 00
1	Newport, R. I.....	279 93
1	Channing Memorial Church.....	2 00
8	New York, N. Y.....	52 00
1	Normal Park, Ill.....	5 00
1	North Andover, Mass.....	5 00
2	Northboro, Mass.....	19 00
1	Oak Park, Ill.....	1 00
1	Ogden, Kan.....	2 00
1	Osceola, Iowa.....	1 00
1	Oshkosh, Wis.....	2 00
1	Paragoud, Ark.....	1 00
1	Petersham, Mass.....	1 00
1	Philadelphia, Pa.....	100 00
1	" Spring Garden Society.....	50 00
1	Prout's Neck, Me.....	10 00
3	Portsmouth, N. H.....	36 00
1	Providence, R. I.....	1 00
2	Quincy, Ill.....	25 00
1	Red Wing, Minn.....	2 00
2	River Falls, Wis.....	35 00
1	Rockford, Ill.....	10 00
1	Roxbury, Mass.....	10 00
1	Saco, Me.....	2 00
1	Sac City, Iowa.....	1 00
7	St. Louis, Mo (Church of the Unity).....	43 00
12	St. Paul, Minn.....	173 00
2	San Antonio, Tex.....	10 00
1	San Diego, Cal.....	1 00
3	Salem, Mass.....	140 00
1	Sandusky, O.....	15 00
1	Sheffield, Ill.....	10 00
1	Shelbyville, Ill.....	6 40
2	Sionx City, Iowa.....	4 00
1	Stamford, Conn.....	5 00
3	Tacoma, W. T.....	3 00
1	Tipton, Iowa.....	2 00
1	Twin Lakes, Wis.....	02
1	Udall, Kan.....	10 00
1	Uxbridge, Mass.....	50 00
4	Vicksburg, Miss.....	5 00
1	Vinton, Iowa.....	1 00
2	Walla Walla, W. T.....	5 00
1	Warren, Ill.....	2 00
2	Washington, D. C.....	27 00
1	Waterville, Me.....	100 00
1	Westford, Mass.....	2 00
4	Worcester, Mass.....	9 00
1	White Bear, Minn.....	1 50
1	Woodstock, Vt.....	10 00
1	Yonker, N. Y.....	5 00
1	Zanesville, O.....	5 00
2	Left at UNITY Office.....	6 00
370	Total.....	\$8,254 88

The above list shows 370 subscriptions, the subscriptions sometimes representing more than one contributor, 133 different towns, and 30 different states; and is divided as follows:

UNITY FUND (which consists of subscriptions of UNITY subscribers and their friends)..... \$3,052 93

SARATOGA FUND (which consists in subscriptions raised in response to a circular sent to the delegates to the last National Conference at Saratoga)..... 457 90

CHICAGO FUND (from all sources in the city)..... 4,716 00

47 MINISTERS have subscribed 652 00

For all this evidence of good will, fellowship and generosity we return thanks, and send New Year's greeting.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES,
Pastor of All Souls Church of Chicago.

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CHICAGO CALENDAR.

UNITY CHURCH, corner Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Services at 10:45, morning. Sunday, December 27, sermon by Rev. John R. Effinger. Sunday school at 12:15.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner Oakwood boulevard and Ellis avenue. Minister, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones; residence, 2001 1/2 Thirty-seventh street. Sunday-school, 9:30 A. M. Services at 10:45 A. M. Subject, "The Old Year, 1885". Monday at 8 P. M. the Browning section of the Unity club meets at the parsonage. Paper, "Mr. Sludge, the Medium", by Rev. David Utter. Conversation, Book V, "The King and the Book". Wednesday at 9:30 A. M. the Philosophy section, morning class, will meet at Mrs. Perkins's, 1343 Oakwood boulevard. Teachers' meeting, Friday at 7:30 P. M.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, corner of Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street. Minister, Rev. David Utter; residence, 13 Twenty-second street. Service begins promptly at 10:45 A. M. Sunday school promptly at 12:15. The Ladies' Industrial and Benevolent Society meets every Friday at 10 A. M. The Industrial School holds a Saturday morning session—teaching is needed.

BUILDING FUND

OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO.

Amount previously acknowledged \$2,203 83
Amount received from Dec. 23 to Dec. 30:

UNITY FUND.

F. S. Hornig, Cleveland, Ohio, additional..... 15 00
B. H. Socy., First Unitarian Church, Minneapolis, Minn..... 10 00
J. W. Hutton, Cincinnati, Ohio..... 3 00
"A Friend," Unity Church, St. Paul, Minn..... 20 00
"A Friend," Paragould, Ark..... 1 00
Rev. Robert Hassall, Keokuk, Iowa..... 2 00

CHICAGO FUND.

"A Friend," Third Church..... 2 00
Total \$8,256 83

OUR BEST WORDS

FOR 1886.

VOL. VII.

Motto: "In essentials, Unity; in non-essentials, Liberty; in all things, Charity."

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